

John Langens
Rock Ferry

By William Storer

O D E.

Read by the Author before
the Society &c

Decr. 13. 1775

Read at Mayors Court in Liverpool
page 12 & on
Feb 16 76.

O D E,
ON THE INSTITUTION OF A
S O C I E T Y
I N
L I V E R P O O L,
For the ENCOURAGEMENT of
DESIGNING, DRAWING,
PAINTING, &c.

Read before the SOCIETY, December 13th,
1773,

LIVERPOOL:
PRINTED in the YEAR 1774.

RB.23 G.1000

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OF THE INSTITUTION

SOCIETY

IN

LIVERPOOL

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Read before the Society, December 1873

1873



LIVERPOOL

Printed in the Year 1874

O D (E,) &c.

FROM Climes where Slavery's iron chain
Has bound to earth the soaring mind,
Where GRECIA mourns her blasted plain
To want and indolence resign'd;
From fair ITALIA's once lov'd shore,
(The Land of Freedom now no more)
Disdainful of each former Seat,
The ARTS a lovely train retreat:—
Still prospering under FREEDOM's Eye,
With her they bloom, with her they fly;
And when the pow'r transferr'd her smile
To Albion's ever grateful Isle,
The lovely Fugitives forgot to roam,
But rais'd their Alters here and fix'd their happier home.

Swift fly the hovering shades of Night
 When bursts the orient dawn of Day,
 As swift before their mental Light
 The Clouds of Ignorance decay.
 First came the Muse—her great design
 Each dull sensation to refine,
 To plant in every rugged breast
 The seeds of GENIUS and of TASTE,
 To bid the heart expand with woe,
 Or with the great example glow,
 Or smile along the sportive page,
 Or shrink at fates pointed rage,
 Thro' Fancys realms the wondering mind to bear,
 And for her Sister Arts an easier path prepare!

Of power to still the raging deep,

To damp the gay, to warm the cold,

To bid the Steel rib'd Warrior weep,

And make the trembling dastard bold,

To free the slave, the wild to tame,

QUEEN of the SPHERES next MUSIC came :

Her strains can every care controul,

And waft to heav'n the lift'ning Soul ;

Can every soft affection move,

And tune the amorous pulse to lové ;

Now chaste and rapt'rous joys inspire,

Puer as the vestals sacred fire ;

Now loud and dreadful swell the strong alarms,

Foment the thirst of Blood, the glorious rage of Arms.

Next came the Power in whom conjoin'd
 Their differing excellence is shewn,
 Yet sweetly blended, and combin'd
 With charms peculiarly her own :
 Beneath the great Creator's Eye,
 'Twas she with Azure spread the Sky ;
 And when Creation first had birth,
 In happiest hues array'd the Earth ;
 Still varying in each varied scene,
 Bedeck'd the smiling meads with Green,
 Blush'd in the flower, and ting'd the fruit,
 More lovely still as more minute,
 O'er every part the veil of beauty cast,
 In heav'nly colours bright, thro' numerous years to last.

Hers is the glowing bold design,
 The just and lessening perspective,
 The beauties of the waving line,
 And all the pencils power can give;
 'Tis true—the BARD's harmonious tongue,
 May draw the Landscape bright and strong,
 Describe the thundering scenes of War,
 The crested helm, the rattling Car,
 The generous thirst of praise inspire,
 And kindle virtues sacred fire;
 Yet still may PAINTING's glowing hand
 An equal share of praise command,
 In every province claim her mingled part,
 The wondering sense to charm, or moralize the heart.

Majestic, nervous, bold, and strong
 Let ANGELO with MILTON vie;
 Oppos'd to WALLER's amorous song
 His Art let wanton TITIAN try;
 Let great ROMANO's free design,
 Contend with DRYDEN's pompous line;
 And chaste CORREGGIO's graceful air,
 With POPE's unblemished page compare;
 LORAINÉ may rival THOMSON's name;
 And HOGARTH's equal BUTLER's fame:
 For still where'er th' aspiring muse,
 Her wide, unbounded flight pursues,
 Her sister soars on kindred wings sublime,
 And gives her favourite names to grace the rolls of time

When

(II)

When just degrees of Shade and Light
Contend in sweetest harmony,
Then bursts upon the raptur'd sight
The silent Music of the Eye.
Bold, as the Base's deeper sound,
We trace the well imagin'd ground;
Next in the varying scenes behind,
The sweet melodious tenor find;
And as the soft'ning Notes decay
The distant prospect fades away:
Their aid if mingling colours give
To bid the mimic Landscape live,
The visual concert breaks upon the Eyes
With every different charm which music's hand supplies.

If torn

If torn from all we hold most dear,
 The tedious moments slowly roll,
 Can MUSIC's tenderest Accents cheer
 The silent grief that melts the Soul?
 Or can the POET's boasted Art
 The healing balm of peace impart?
 —Ah no!—'Tis only PAINTING's pow'r
 Can sooth the sad the painful hour,
 Can bring the much lov'd form to view
 In features exquisitely true:
 The sparkling Eye, the blooming face,
 The shape adorn'd with every grace,
 To nature's self scarce yield the doubtful strife,
 Swell from the deepning shade, and all the gift of Life.

By slow degrees the Muse's skill
 A just conception must impart,
 Bend by degrees the stubborn will,
 Touch by degrees the harden'd heart,
 To aid the task whilst memory joins,
 And every wand'ring thought combines;
 Then forming up the beauteous whole,
 Presents th' Idea to the soul:
 But when with happiest nature warm,
 The Artist spreads his pictur'd charm,
 At once we feel th' accomplish'd thought,
 At once the great effect is wrought;

Nor only to the judging few confin'd

Quick as the Light'nings glance, it strikes on every mind.

In all the force of language drest
 But faintly moves the feeble strain ;
 But to the faithful Eyes exprest,
 The Story thrills thro' every vein :
 Friend of the Arts, when CÆSAR bled,
 Soon as the murd'rous tidings spread,
 Each Roman heav'd a sigh sincere,
 Each hardy veteran drop'd a Tear :
 But when to public view confest,
 High wav'd the Hero's blood stain'd vest,
 A generous frenzy seized the throng,
 Revenge was heard from every tongue ;
 Thence every nervous arm fresh vigour drew,
 Bright gleam'd the vengeful steel, and dreadful firebrands
 flew,

O QUEEN

O QUEEN of heav'ns unnumber'd dyes!
Whose skill with various pow'r replete,
Can bid the swift Ideas rise,
Of tender, beauteous, strong, and great!
For thee in mutual bands we join;—
Nor thou the fond attempt decline;
But to our longing sight display
Some sparks of thy celestial ray;
And if beneath a rough disguise,
The latent Gem of Genius lies,
Do thou impart thy friendly aid,
Thy loveliest polish o'er it spread;
So shall it's beams with genuine lustre bright,
Pour radiance on thine head who call'd it first to light.

And ye

And ye with wealth profusely blest,
 The substitutes of pow'r supreme,
 To cheer the heart by grief deprest,
 And cherish virtue's sacred flame;
 To us your generous cares extend,
 The suppliant train of Arts befriend:
 Nor think to misery's claims unjust,
 You misapply your sacred trust,
 Or whilst you bid the genius rise
 Your noble task neglected lies,
 For still the breast where GENIUS glows
 A sense of MORAL BEAUTY knows,
 Endur'd with gifts above the croud to shine,
 The judge of natures works, and virtue's charms divine.



